

A HYMN.

MY God, whose all-pervading eye
Scans earth beneath and heav'n above,
Witness if here or there thou see'st
An object of mine equal love.

Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The noblest joys of Heav'n to know.

Not all the fairest sons of light,
That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound it's course, it presseth on,
And seeks it's rest in God alone.

Fixt near the immortal fource of blifs,
Firm and undaunted it furveys
Each fhape of horror and diftreff,
That Earth combin'd with Hell can raife.

This feeble flefh fhall faint and die,
This heart renew it's pulfe no more ;
Ev'n now it views the moment nigh,
When life's laft movements fhall be o'er.

Thou vanquish'd King of Terrors, come !
With thine own hand thy power deftroy ;
Approach, and bear my foul to God,
My portion and eternal joy.

